DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why Your Hair-Cut Should Be a Sterile Rite

By Dr. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

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DR. HIRSHBERG.

BARBERS, unlike other individuals, need not be judged by the company they keep. Nor need they be held as abominations because they continue to perpetuate the Pilgrim's mistakes of 400 years ago.

The herbs and other tonsorial messes which the razor-handed myrmidon caresses as cure-alls of falling hair and baldness are the heirlooms of a once dignified but now badly trained "profession."

Heaven has sent many a man a fine suit of hair, and the barber has deported it from him. Not that the barber is wicked, or wishes ill to his patrons, but because barbers are notoriously unobservant and, unconsciously, avoid seeing the results that do not accord with their treatment.

Many barbers, nowdays have fallen into a pit of ink. They cannot, it seems, be washed clean again. The arst and practices of barbers are even more antiquated than those of many doctors and merchants.

Take, for example, the filthy practice of shampooing the head with eggs. If there is a better nest for germs and microbes to make their home in it is unknown to bacteriologists.

If there is one germ or fungus of ringworm, itch, eczema or dandruff present before the egg shampoo is applied you may hazard a can of stale sardines with assurance that there are a centillion billion of them a few hours later. For if there is anything a microbe loves better than an egg shampoo it must be two egg shampoos.

Yet this tonsorial delusion is no worse than singeing the hairs to make them grow and stop them from falling. Singeing the hairs really splits them, dries them, and injures them almost beyond redemption.

Each time a barber singes a victim's hair he opens up the hair shaft and permits moulds, microbes, and other disease germs to be gradually squeezed downward into the hairs. Thus, before decay's defacing fingers have swept the lines where beauty lingers, the singeing process brings on baldness.

The haircut, though necessary, also has its dangers. It kills off the shafts almost as often as singeing. The reason lies partly in the fact that a barber's scissors are rarely, if ever, sterilized, and germs of disease, like the proverbial flea, jump from head to head without respect to color, race or previous condition of servitude.

We have become civilized enough to pass pure food laws and clean milk statutes, now let us get after the barber. Sterilization of every instrument in a barber shop should be compulsory.

Answers to Health Questions

K. T.—1. What are causes of hydrocele? 2. After getting it, what precautionary measures will one have to observe in his mode of living to minimize the ill effects and get cured (if possible)?

1. They are too numerous to mention.
2. Have an operation done at once.

Daily Reader—Am troubled with stiff and painful jaw, cannot open mouth but a little, and cannot bite down on anything. Have to dip all crusts of bread. Is it necessary to see a physician, or can it be remedied at home? Am losing weight.

Go to the surgical department of the hospital, have an X-ray picture made, and also a physical diagnosis.

Five Years in Prison For a Two-Cent Theft

Right here in Washington a fourteen-year-old boy is serving a sentence of five years for stealing a two-cent stamp! The place is called an industrial home, and the boys are committed there by Federal judges. There are four-hundred other "boy criminals" confined in this place—mainly because their parents have been too poor to educate and discipline them.

Florence E. Yoder tells in Sunday's Times of this prison, and of why it is the best argument in the world for a mother's pension and a minimum wage law.

One Out of Every Twelve Marriages Brings Divorce.

Have you been happily married through five years?

Then perhaps you are safe from divorce.

The United States leads the world in divorces, and they are increasing far beyond the increase of population with the velocity of a falling body!

One marriage in every twelve ends in the divorce courts.

How can you escape it?

Read the story by Beth Jeffries in The Sunday Times and find out. You may be doomed already, according to the statistics.

Short-Circuiting Success.

The business of singing, and dancing, and monologuing oneself into the halls of fame will not depend on the frailties of human nature in the future. People who profit by the amusement business from the box office end of the game intend to take no chances with performers who happen to feel indisposed when the bell rings for their turn. They are given a short cut to inspiration by——but read what Gardner Mack has discovered in The Sunday Times.

Jean Eliot's Letter.

Read Jean Eliot's Society Letter and learn all the gossip. What the stay-at-homes are doing, and news from those summering in the mountains and by the sea. Engagements and rumors of engagements. Jean Eliot has a large acquaintnce mon those whose doings are of interest, and she keeps her friend Susan well posted.

A Visitor From Another World.

For fourteen years Luke Dillon has been in prison. For fourteen years the world has progressed. He has been released now, and has told J. R. Hildebrand, of The Sunday Times' staff, his impressions of the new world he has found.

Curious Meanings *of* River Names

Hudson river was named for Henry Hudson. The Indians called it Maha-Keneghtue, "the flowing water," and other appropriate names. Gomez called it St. Anthony's river, and to the Dutch it was known as Mauritius river, in honor of Prince Maurice of Holland.

The Brandywine was first named the Fama... Bruce says that the stream was renamed by the Dutch to commemorate the loss at its mouth of a vessel loaded with brandy. Another authority says the name was given on account of a famous distillery on its banks.

The Colorado river was named by the Spaniards from a word in their language meaning ruddy or red, an allusion to the tint of the river. La Salle first named the river Maligne, misfortune, one or two of his party having been drowned in its current.

The Ohio was so-called from an Iroquois word Oheo, meaning "beautiful." It appears on various early maps as the Albacha, Cubach, O-o, Ochio, Sabogungo, Causisseppione, Kitono-cepe, Ohuipeekhanna, Ohui, Opeek, Alwege-Sepe, Oheezuh, Hohio and Youghogheny.

The Illinois river was so termed from the Illini, a tribe of Indians on its banks. Another derivation is suggested in Isle aux Noix, Island of Nuts. Several derivations more or less fanciful are suggested by the etymologists and geographers.

The French Broad, in North Carolina, was called by the Indians Tockyeste, "the little roarer." It received its present name from the early settlers, who called it so on account of its width at one place, and because the country to the west was then claimed by the French.

Tennis Devotees Take Heed This Costume Is the Thing

Comfort and Tidiness On and Off the Tennis Court Is to Be Had by the Possessor of This Tennis and Outing Suit.

White Towelling and White Pearl Buttons Made Up in a Tailored Pattern Both Loose and Smart the Vogue.

NO longer can the tennis enthusiast slink along clad in a short skirt and a knitted sweater. Fashion demands that the old-fashioned slap-dash costume be relegated to the past and that a neat and attractive sporting costume, suitable for appearance in any place in any emergency, shall appear in its place. It is high time.

So many of the tennis courts are not directly at the door of the players, and the question of going through the streets dressed as if for a prize fight has long been at issue. When the racket is carried boldly in the hand, without a covering, an alibi is immediately established, but the poor woman who is forced to venture forth without an obvious and mute explanation for her dishabille is a sorry sight, indeed.

This suit, however, does away with all of that shame and worry, for not only is it perfectly suited for wallowing in the grass and throwing on the ground, but it is fit to be seen in the highways as well as the by-ways.

Two large patch pockets adorn the coat at the side front, the sleeves are cut in raglan fashion and the skirt is so made that with the unbuttoning of one or two buttons perfect freedom of movement is assured. The coat is long enough to permit the wearing of a middy blouse underneath—the blouse will not stick out in an embarrassing manner under the bottom.

The roll collar, the plain cuff, the soft belt, all contribute to the fact that this costume can be made at home. The material launders wonderfully, and needs little more than pressing.

(Photo by Fashion Camera Co., of New York.)

THREE MINUTE JOURNEYS

Where Divorce Is a Matter of Speed

By TEMPLE MANNING.

WHILE I was among the Gwari in the heart of Africa a curious marriage custom came to my attention in rather a startling way. Our party was passing through a forest in which a native village was located, but at which we did not stop, desiring to push on to Kota that night, when from the right there came wild yells and the underbrush parted. A small, lithe girl dashed out and sped up the trail. Close behind her came a rather sickly native, much older than she, who pursued her, yelling as he ran.

Puzzled, I turned to one of my men and demanded what it all meant. Laughing, he told me that the girl was the elderly native's latest wife, and, as she did not want to live with him any longer, she was running away. If he were not able to match her in speed, and if she could gain the shelter of a village to which she was speeding, she would win her divorce, and become the wife of the young man to whom she was escaping. As we met the man coming down the trail next day alone, I judge that his young wife won the race and her freedom.

Rather than help a man recover a runaway wife, the Gwari seem inclined to treat the whole matter of these desertion divorces in the light of humor. Somewhat after the spirit that makes us smile behind our hands when we hear of one of our friends being henpecked. And yet, if the deserted husband is powerful enough he can sometimes take his wife back by force, but usually the runaway wife takes care to choose as her next spouse some one more powerful than her old husband.

Discoveries of Readers.

[This little space will be devoted to passing along bright ideas to your sisters. Any little device or help that you have discovered will be printed, if you wish to do this gratuitously for other women. No patented names will be printed. Address Magazine Editor.]

Cleaning a Hairbrush.

I have discovered that the best way to clean a hairbrush without softening its bristles is to dissolve a large lump of ammonia in lukewarm water and wash the bristles, rinsing quickly. If these instructions are followed, the result will be satisfactory. MRS. P. Y.

To Remove Ink Spots.

I have found that to remove ink spots on clothing, if table salt is applied immediately, before putting on anything else, every particle of the ink will be absorbed. If the salt fails the first time, shake off and apply fresh salt until the ink is wholly gone from the material. MRS. L. K.

To Clean Birdseye Maple.

Birdseye maple furniture which has become soiled and finger-marked can be cleaned very satisfactorily in the following manner: Wash the furniture with a soft rag and lukewarm water, to which a little kerosene has been added. Rub dry quickly and polish with a soft cloth. MRS. F. P.

To Properly Treat Obstinate Wrinkles

Particularly where wrinkles are long and deep, the massage devotee is apt to rub too hard and too frequently. This loosens the skin, causes muscles to sag, aggravates the wrinkled condition—just the opposite result from that sought.

Better than massaging, or anything else, for the most obstinate wrinkles, as well as the finest lines, is a formula well known in England, which you may readily avail yourselves of, as you will have no difficulty procuring the inexpensive constituents from druggists in this country. It is this: One ounce powdered saxolite, dissolved in one-half pint witch hazel. Bathe face, neck or hands in this.

The effect is really marvelous, not only as to wrinkles, but also in cases of baggy cheeks and chin. Marked improvement is noticed after the very first application. The lotion is cooling and soothing, tending to relieve fatigue and remove "that tired look."—Advt.

Advice To Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE.

Dear Annie Laurie.

I am a girl of nineteen. I went with a fine young man having no bad habits; an accomplished young man. We went together for over a year, but not steady.

We quit as good friends, he went with other girls, and I with other boys, but I never enjoy myself for thinking of him.

Five months passed, and he came back; both being happy again. I kept regular company with him for eight months. About two months ago he was away for three weeks, and I got acquainted with a strange young fellow that came to our town.

In some ways I like him better. He made love to me, and I let him, but he proved to be a bad young man and has left the town. Trouble came between my old friend and me, but he says he loves me yet, and asked me to forgive him if he hurt my feelings; but, somehow, I can't like him as I did. SORRY.

POOR little Sorry. I should think you would be—sorry.

You took a perfectly good diamond out of a perfectly good ring and threw it away, and now the poor bit of stained glass that you put in the diamond's place has gone, and what shall you do?

What do you mean when you say you can't like him as you did? Which one? Your letter is as confused as I'm afraid your mind is.

I don't believe you ever really cared for the first young man at all, and it is quite evident that the second young man never really cared for you. So it seems to me that the best thing you can do is to forget them both as soon as possible, and the next time you are lucky enough to be loved by a good, true man, go down on your knees and say your prayers and be thankful and very good—and very happy.

Worried—Why don't you send your friend out of your life for a little? The size of the hole his absence makes in your life will be a good measure of the strength of your love for him. If you find you can get along without him pretty well, then, my dear, you are not in love with him. If you miss him all the time and long for him—why, then, send for him.

Your little friend, Rex, is truly a sensible girl and she has given you good advice. You have no right to ask a girl to marry you until you can give her a comfortable home and until you feel that you have broken yourself of your bad habits. The chances of making her life miserable are too great. And if the fact of your love for her and your desire to make good for her don't keep you straight her actual physical presence by your side will not help you.

Make a man of yourself, and, even if she does not care for you in the way you want, you will be so much better off, so much finer, that you will bless her all the days of your life. It will be a hard pull, but it is worth it, for the sake of the fight itself, and doubly so with such a reward in prospect.

Annie Laurie wishes you great success, and, between you and me and the gatepost, it's my opinion that the little girl must be decidedly fond of you to take so much interest in your success.

Dixie—If you don't meet pleasant people through your church, why don't you try affiliating yourself with the Young Women's Christian Association or some kindred organization? I know of no greater help to a lonely woman.

Anxious One—The only way I know of to get married is to make yourself so attractive to one person that he will want to marry you. And the best way to do that is to forget the fact that you are anxious to marry—and let other people forget it—also that you are beautiful, for the greatest beauty is marred by consciousness of the fact.

Perplexed—Another question that is purely a question for the individuals to decide. Shall a Protestant and a Catholic marry? Many such marriages turn out to be very happy. It depends largely on the nature of parties concerned, and their willingness to make concessions.

Jo.—You might write once to your friend, lest a letter may have miscarried or some misunderstanding have arisen. If you receive no reply it should be evident that the young man is trying to be rid of you. Do you care for the other man? If you do, marry him, but, if not, wait.

Kate A.—After his interview with your parents, there was nothing for your friend to do but let you strictly alone. Your mother and father probably had an excellent reason for the stand they took. Ask them about it. You are young, and forgetting should be easy. Try it. If it is not possible, if you find that you care more for the young man than for your parents' happiness, and if you find their reasons inadequate, then you might write to him and tell him how you feel.

Annie Laurie

Miss Laurie will welcome letters of inquiry on subjects of feminine interest from young women readers of this paper and will reply to them in these columns. They should be addressed to her, care this office.

Should You Whip a Child the Way He Should Go?

By Winifred Black

Winifred Black

MRS. HARRY HASTINGS, of the far and boundless West, says that children ought to be whipped when they need it.

"Some children can't be ruled any other way," says Mrs. Hastings, "and children must be ruled—they must not rule.

"The greatest virtue the finest child in the world can have is obedience—obedience to the letter—blind, dumb, absolute obedience. I know a little boy who was playing on a railroad track. His father suddenly shouted to him, 'Lie down between the rails.' The little boy lay down between the rails and the train passed over him and did not hurt him.

"Now, if that boy had stopped to reason or argue, or even to wonder, he would have been killed. He had been taught to obey—and that teaching saved his life.

"Yes, I believe in whipping children—for their own good. The best children I know are children whose parents whip them—when they have to be whipped to make them mind. This country is full of careless parents and spoiled children. Let's go back to the old-fashioned spanking and see if we can't get some old-fashioned children."

How interesting—how enlightening—how sweetly reasonable—and, furthermore, how civilized.

I always like to meet a woman who says she whips her children to make them mind. She's always such a dear, simple creature—so easy to understand. One look at her, one-half hour spent in her society, always tells me exactly why her children won't "mind" without a whipping.

Ruling by Fear.

Now that highly intelligent father who told his little boy to lie down on the track and let the train pass over him. If he'd been any kind of a man with any kind of common sense, he would not have let his little boy play on the track at all.

Of course, if you're going to be the kind of man or woman who allows the children to take such risks as that, the rest follows, as a matter of course. You don't have to tell us any more about that particular father, Mrs. Hastings. We know all about him right this minute.

Now, it seems to me that the man in this story would have made a better job of being a father if he had taught his boy that a railroad track is hardly the place to use as a playground, and had relied upon the child's common sense to keep him out of such danger—or, if he got into it, to show him the quickest way out.

The most obedient child in history was Casabianca—the boy who stood on the burning deck. And we know what obedience brought him.

I never could get up very much sentiment about poor little Casabianca. He may have been blindly obedient—he certainly was blindly stupid, too. Probably his father whipped him to "make him mind"—and that's why the poor, dazed little fellow, who had never been taught to think for himself couldn't save his own life without an order from the father who had taught him such blind obedience.

I know a cousin of Casabianca—oh, yes, he's a real cousin, he'll tell you so a dozen times a day—if you let him. All about how his great-grandfather emigrated from Corsica, and all the rest of it that is such a romantic story—in a poem—and such a commonplace affair of third-class tickets, a loaf of black bread and a bunch of garlic—in real life.

Casabianca's cousin carries out Casabianca's idea of obedience. He obeys, implicitly, any one who can shake a big enough stick at him. He's rather a good sort of chap, naturally, this Casabianca of today—but those who rule him are not good. Some day poor Casabianca is going to find himself on the burning deck—alone—and what in the world will he do then—poor thing?

So you believe in whipping children—for their own good—Mrs. Hastings? Well, then, I don't agree with you.

I never saw a child who was whipped for his own good in my life. And I never knew a child who was whipped at home who wasn't a demon to manage away from home. The minute the whip is put away the child is unmanageable—and you really can't keep whipping every minute.

Character by Training.

I asked my friend, the school teacher, about it the other day, and she said that the worst children she had in school were children who were whipped at home.

Sullen—defiant—deceitful—sly—cowardly—bullying—oh, she called those children terrible names—and I believe the names she called them were all true. Why not? Rule a child by fear, and what shall you make of him but a liar, a coward and a bully? How can he be anything else?

No, no, Mrs. Hastings—you're wrong, you're all wrong.

Your idea of things may have been all right back in the days when people were nothing much but children themselves, and had to have kings and whipping posts and ducking stools, and things to make them "mind."

And two or three generations ago in this country people were too busy to stop and explain things—a cuff on the ear is a good deal eisier than a good, sane, logical talk.

You can't blame a pioneer mother for cuffing one of her children under the bed—when she heard a queer noise at the door and was afraid to look out of the window for fear of seeing a befeathered head looking in.

But nowadays the Indians are not on the warpath, and mother has time enough, and strength enough, and she ought to have sense enough, to learn how to rule a little bit of a child—without being helped out by a whip.

If my brain and my strength of character are not equal to the strain of training a weak, helpless, little tike of a rascal to do what I tell him, not because he's afraid of me, but because I've made him realize that what I tell him is pretty apt to be the best thing there is for him to do—then I think I'd better stop trying to raise children—and go to raising dogs.

And I shouldn't expect to take the blue ribbon with any of them—either.

Welcome!

It's long since verses have been penned
To my lady's shell-like ear;
How could they be? Twixt you and me
We've had a hated fear.
My lady had no ears at all,
Because she did not show em;
But fashion's sway proves it today,
And once more we shall know 'em.